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ROBERT W. CHAMBERS Author of "Cardigan" The Conspirators "Maids-at-Arms etc

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SYNOPSIS.

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Scarlett, an American soldier of fortune in the employ of the French Imperial Police at the outbreak of the France-Prussian war, is ordered to arrest John Buckhurst, a leader of the Communists and suspected of having stolen the French crown jows. While searching for Buckhurst, Scarlett is ordered to arrest Countess de Vassart and her group of socialists and escort them to the Belsian border. Scarlett finds Sylvia Even of the Odeon disguised as a peasant and carries her to Lu Traippe where the countess and her friends are assembled. All are arrested The cauntess saves Scarlett from a fatal fall from the roof of the house. He denounces Buckhurst is secreted German Uhlans descend on the place and Buckhurst escapes during the melec. Scarlett is wounded. He recovers consciousness in the countess house at Morsbronn, where he is cared for by the countess. A there buttle is fought in the sireets between French and Prussinn soldiers. Buckhurst in the streets between French and Prussinn soldiers. Buckhurst in the service of the secret service in Paris and finds Morsbron the Prussians for information which he does not give. He seemes possports to the French lines for Scarlett, the counters and himself. Scarlett reports to the secret service in Paris and finds Morsac in the service warns Scarlett that Morinae is dangerous the also informs him that all the government treasure is being transported to the coast for slipment out of the country Scarlett and Speed escape to join a circus. The circus arrives at Paradise Anorder is received by the mayor cailing the citizens to arms. Jacqueline, daugitter of the Lizard, offers to bin the circus to give exhibitions in the cistarcter of a mermal of Salvia Elven also there. He cams something of Salvia Elven also there is headed to be considered for the scales of the city of the country of the countes and the secures of the synthesis of the city of the country of the part of the synthesis of the city of the country of the coun

CHAPTER XXI .- Continued. "Get me a horse!" said Buckhurst

stables. Mornac, you stay here: I'll ride over to the semaphore." Where are you going?" demanded

Mornae's angry voice. "Do you expect | What;" me to stay her while you start for cocking his revolver,

Do you obey orders or not?

the lights of a vessel at anchor off Groix.

I was beside him in an instant "It's chance to signal!

Jacqueline, standing beside Speed. said quietly: "I could swim it. Wait. Raise the window a little.'

She cautiously unlocked the window and peered out into the dark garden.

"The cliff falls sheer from the wall vonder," she whispered. "I shall try to drop. I learned much in the circus. I am not afraid, Speed. I shall drop into the sea." To your death," I said.

way.

Possibly, m'sieu. It is a good death. however. I am not afraid. "Close the window," muttered Speed. "They'd shoot her from the wall, any-

Again the child gravely asked perresession to try.

"No." said Speed, harshly, and turned away. But in that instant Jacqueline flung open the window and vanited into the garden. Before I could realize what had happened she was a glimmering spot in the dark ness. Then Speed and I followed nor. running swiftly toward the foot of the garden, but we were too late; a slim, white shape rose from the top of the wall and leaped blindly out through the ruddy torch glare into the blackness beyond

I looked at Speed. He stood wide eyed, staring at vacancy.

Could she do it?" I asked, horrified. "God knows," he whispered.

Then we crept back to the window. where we entered in time to avoid discovery by a wretch who had succeed-ed in mounting the wall, torch in hand.

"Where is Jacqueline," asked the countess, looking anxiously at the little blue skirt on Speed's knees. "Have

they harmed that child?" I told ber

A beautiful light grew in her eyes a: she listened. "Did I not warn von that we Bretons know how to die?"

she said There were noises outside our door. loud voices, hammering, the sound of farniture being dragged over stone eagerness while I twisted and writhed floors, and I scarcely noticed it when our door was opened again.

Their somebody called out our names; a file of half-drunken soldiers

"I'm damned if I stay here any long- shrub. er," he broke out, angrily. "I'll see whether my rascals can't shoot straight

by torch-light." The shuffling tread of the insurgent infantry echoed across the gravel court my left arm; stood swaying in the extinguished; blackness enveloped the rifle smoke, eyes closed; and, when

yard; torches behind the walls were "Good-by, Scarlett."

He held out his hand.

"Good-by," I said, stunned. Then he went to the countess and offered his hand.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, with a pallid smile. "You have much to live for. But you must not feel

we shall be close to you." She turned to me, and her hands fell to her side.

"Are you contented?" she asked. "Yes," I answered.

"I, too," she said, sweetly, and offered her hands. I held them very tightly. "You say," I whispered, "that it is not-love. But you do not speak for me. I love you."

A bright blush spread over brow and

"So-it was love-after all," she said, under her breath, "God be with us today-1 love you.

'March!" cried Mornac, as two soldiers took station beside me. Speed passed out first; I followed; the countess came behind me.

"Courage," 1 stammered, looking back at her as we stumbled out into from a face as white as death. the torch-lit garden.

She smiled adorably. Her forefathers had mounted the guillotine smil-

A soldier dressed like a Turco lifted a torch and set it in the flower bed under the wall, illuminating the spot where we were to stand. As this soldier turned to come back I saw his

"Salah Ben-Ahmed!"I cried, hoarse-"De Marabouts do this butcher's

The Turco stared at me as though stunned.

"Salah Ben-Ahmed is a disgraced soldier!" I said, in a ringing voice.

"It's a lie!" he shouted, in Arabic-There are plenty of them in the Have these men tricked me? Are you mayory, from whence its foolish occunot Prossums? "Silence! Silence!" bawled Mor-

nac. Turco, fall in! Fall in, I say! his heavy dolman our commissions, re-Then a man darted out of the red

"You have your orders," said Buck. shadows of the torch-light and fell up sweetest woman on earth; at noon we hurst, menacingly. "Silence, you fool, on Mornac with a knife, and dragged were miles to the westward, riding Egypt, and that it was sufficient to just him down and rolled on him, stabbing like demons on Buckhurst's heavy Their voices receded. Speed sprang him through and through, while the trail. to the door to listen, then ran back to mutilated wretch screamed and screamed until his soul struggled out Scarlett," he whispered, "there are through the flame-shot darkness and fled to its last dreadful abode.

The Lizard rose, shaking his fagot knife; they fell upon him, clubbing the cruiser," I said. "Oh. Speed, for a and stabbing with stock and bayonet, but he swung his smeared and sticky



Stabbing Him Through and Through-

blade, clearing a circle around him-And I think he could have cut his way free had not Tric-Trac shot him in the back of the head.

Then a frightful tumult broke loose Three of the torches were knocked to the ground and trampled out as the insurgents, doubly drunken with wine and the taste of blood, seized me and tried to force me against the wall; but the Turco, with his shrill, wolflike battle yelp, attacked them, saberbayonet in hand. Speed, 'too, had wrested a rifle from a half-stupefied ruffian, and now stood at bay before the countess: I saw him wielding his heavy weapon like a flail; then in the darkness Tric-Trac shot at me, so close that the powder flame scorched my leg. He dropped his rifle to spring for my throat, knocking me flat, and, crouching on me, strove to strangle me; and I heard him whining with to free my windplpe from his thin

fingers. At last I tore him from my body and struggled to my feet. He, too, was grounded arms in the passage way on his legs with a bound, running, with a bang that brought us to our doubling, dodging; and at his heels I feet, a Mornac, finshed with wine, on saw a dozen sailors, broadaxes gilt-

"Speed!" I shouted-"the sailors

from the Fer-de-Lance!" I had picked up a rifle with a broken bayonet; the countess, clasping Welf, broke out Speed, hoarsely, depths of the garden where they were a horrid screeching arose from the destroying Tric-Trac, she fell to shuddering, hiding her face on my shoul-

Suddenly Speed appeared, carrying a drenched little figure, partly wrapped in a sailor's pea-jacket, slim limbs drooping, blue with cold.

"Put out that fire in there," he that the moment had come at last, said, hoarsely; "we must get her into lonely, monsieur; you will be with us bed. Hurry, for God's sake, Scarlett! There's nobody in the house!"

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline! brave lit-tle Bretonne," murmured the countess, bending forward and gathering the unconscious child into her strong, young arms.

A fresh company of sailors passed on the double, rifles trailing, their officer shouting encouragement. And as we came in view of the semaphore, I saw the signal tower on fire from frantically, and an ocean of black tree of the source of good and evil, base to top. The marines fired steadily from the windows above us.

They want the Red Terror!" laughed the sailers. "They shall have it!"

Blackened, scorched, almost suffocated, I staggered back to the tearoom, where the countess stood clasping Jacqueline, huddled in a blanket, and smoothing the child's wet curls away

Together we carried her back through the smoking hallway, up the

The child opened her eyes as we drew the blankets. "Where is Speed?" she asked, dream-

A moment later he came in, and she turned her head languidly and smiled. "Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" he whispered, bending close above her.

"Do you love me. Speed?" "Ah, Jacqueline," he stammered, "more than you can understand."

Late that night the light cavairy from Lorient rode into Paradise. At. "it's a lie, O my inspector! Speak! dawn the colonel, established in the pant had fied, sent for Speed and me, and when we reported he drew from You menace me?" he snarled, storing us to rank and pay in the regiment de marche which he commanded.

At subrise I had bade good-by to the

I am not sure that we ever saw him again, though once, weeks later, Speed and I and a dozen hussars gave chase to a mounted man near St. Brieuc. and that man might have been Buckhurst. He led us a magnificent chase straight to the coast, where we rode plump into a covey of Prussian hus sars, who were standing on their saddles, hacking away at the telegraph vires with their heavy, curved sabers.

That was our first and last sight of the enemy in either Prussian or communistic guise, though in the long, terrible days and nights of that winter of 71, when three French armies froze. and the white death, not the Prussians, ended all for France, rumors of insurrection came to us from the starying capital, and we heard of the red flag flying on the Hotel-de-Ville, and the rising of the carbineers under Flourens; and some spoke of the lead er of the insurrection and called him John Buckhurst.

Then, for three blank, bitter months freezing and starving, the First regiment de marche of Lorient Hussars stood guard at Brest over the diamonds of the crown of France.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Secret. The news of the collapse of the army of the East found our wretchedly clothed and half-starved hussars still patroling the environs of Brest from Belair to the Pont Tournant, and from the banks of the Elorn clear around the ramparts to Lannion bay For three months our troopers scarcely left their saddles, except to be ta-

ken to the hospital in Recouvrance. Suddenly the nightmare ended with telegram. Paris had surrendered. On the first day of March, by papers from London, we learned that the war was at an end, and that the prelimipary treaty of Sunday, the 26th, had been signed at Versailles.

The same mail brought to me an astonishing offer from Cairo, to assist in the reorganization and accept a commission in the Egyptian military police. Speed and I, shivering in our ragged uniforms by the barrack stove, discussed the matter over a loaf of bread and a few sardines, until we fell ticles on scientific management, arasleep in our greasy chairs,

When I awoke in the black morning posals to let the people rule? It may ours I knew that I should go. All the be that the cradles and the nurseries When I awoke in the black morning roaming instinct in me was roused. I, of the present are sheltering brains a nomad, had stayed too long in one stale place; I must be moving on. Leave of absence, and permission to

nation, I asked for and obtained before is what happened; this is why I gave the stable trumpets awoke my com- up all; and . . . this is my rade from his heavy slumber by the name!" barrack stove.

Speed awoke with the trumpets, and stared at me where I knelt before the to any living creature. stove in my civilian clothes, strapping up my little packet. "Oh," he said, briefly, "I knew you

were going. "So did I," I replied. "Will you ride to Trecourt with me? I have two

weeks' permission for you." We bolted our breakfast of soup and black bread, and bawled for our horses, almost crazed with impatience, now Far ahead we caught sight of the

smoke of a locomotive, "Landerneau!" gasped Speed. "Ride hard Scarlett!"

The station master saw us and halt ed the moving train at a frantic signal Christian Inhabitants of the East from Speed, whose uniform was to be reckened with by all station masters. and ten minutes later we stood swaying in a cattle car, huddled close to our horses to keep warm, while the locomotive tore eastward, whistling that they believe the banana to be the smoke poured past, swarming with in a bunch of the fruit of which the sparks.

At Quimperle some gendarmes aided and they add that when Adam and us to disembark our horses, and a subofficer respectfully offered us hospiness they covered themselves with tality at the barracks across the the leaves of this plant. square; but we were in our saddles ing aiready of the sea.

a huge snowy cloud.

a servant came from the stable.

ing almost dreading to set foot withonce more, my brief dream ended.

shoulders and breathed deeply, then fore the arrival of the Spaniards rose and walked to the window

A step at the door, and I wheeled, trembling.

lips. tify my asking her to wed me.

"As for my name," I said, "you know that is not the name I bear, yet, know-

tered unsteadily, drawn sword in hand, tering, chasing him from tree to travel pending acceptance of my resig- dishonor. And I am not. Listen, this

And I bent my head and whispered the truth for the first time in my life When I had ended I stood still, wait-

ing, head still bowed beside hers. She laid her hand on my hot face and slowly drew it close beside hers. "What shall I promise you?" whispered.

"Yourself, Eline." "Take me. . . . Is that all?"
"Your love."

She turned in my arms and clasped her hands behind my head, pressing her mouth to mine.

(THE END.)

BELIEVE BANANA FATAL TREE

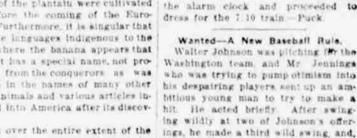
Ascribe Its Origin to the Garden of Eden.

There exists a legend relative to the Christian inhabitants of the east serpent that tempted Eve hid itself, Eve became ashamed of their naked-

The origin of the banana is given the mement our horses' hoofs struck as India, at the foot of the Himalayas. the pavement, galloping for Paradise, where it has been cultivated since re-with a sweet, keen wind blowing, hint-motest antiquity. Its origin in the new world is as doubtful as the origin As we dismounted in the court yard of the American Indian. Natural to stairs to my bedroom, and laid her in the sun flashed out from the fringes of Asia and Africa, where more than 20 distinct species of the genus are "There is Jacqueline!" cried Speed, known, it is said to have been brought tossing his bridle to me in his excite- first to America from Spain early in ment, and left me planted there until the sixteenth century and planted 'n the island of Santo Domingo, whence hard labor for life?" Then I followed, every nerve quiver- its spread was rapid through the surrounding islands and the mainland. in, lest happiness awake me and I This has never been authentically esfind myself in the freezing barracks tablished, however, and some authorities include the banana among the After a while a glimmer of common articles that formed the base of food sense returned to me. I squared my supply of the Incas and the Artecs be-

whole meridinal America there is a strong tradition that at least two The Countess de Vassart stood in species of the plantain were cultivated the doorway, a smile trembling on her long before the coming of the Euro-In her gray eyes I read hope; peans. Furthermore, it is singular that and I took her hands in mine. She in all the languages indigenous to the stood silent with bent head, exquisite region where the banana appears that n her silent shyness; and I told her the plant has a special name, not pro-I loved her, and that I asked for her | ceeding from the conquerors as was love; that I had found employment in the case in the names of many other treduced into America after its discov-

Grown over the entire extent of the ing that, you have given me your love. meridian of the earth, the fruit of the You read my dossier in Paris; you banana today forms in large part the know why I am alone, without kin, principal food of a majority of the peowithout a family, without a home. Yet ples living under the tropical zone you believe that I am not tainted with National Geographic Magazine.





OLD HEROES CHARM NO MORE | TURN FROM MEDICAL STUDY

Others Seem to Be Forgotten by the Youth of Today.

A group of American schoolboys visiting England were taken to Rugby to gather impressions. The Engcarry away just the impression they had brought-an impression, of course, left by reading "Tom Brown's School Days"- made eager inquiries. which brought to light the fact that not one of the hundred boys had ever read the schoolboy classic. Nor was that the worst. Few of the English boys attending the school had read the book, either. A recent investigation in an American city revealed the astounding fact that the charm of Deadwood Dick and other rugged western types begins to pall on Young

America decidedly early. It would scarcely surprise one to hear that Deerfoot no longer casts his potent spell, that Thaddeus of Warsaw is unknown, that the brisk and self-reliant heroes of Alger, Optic and Henty are no longer brisk enough, and that Tom Sawyer himself is out of date. What do the youngsters read nowadays? Have they become addicted to treatises on population, exposures of graft, arguments for the suffrage and pro so eager and active that the best thing we grownups can do is to rele-

Deerfoot, Thaddeus of Warsaw and Past Year Has Witnessed a Marked Decrease in the Number of Students Enrolled.

During the past year there were 640 women studying medicine, or 39 less than last year, a decrease of 40 lish masters, fearful that the boys, below 1911 and a decrease of 267 beinstead of using their eyes, would low 1910. The percentage of women students to the total number of medical students was 3.8, as compared with 3.2 last year. There were 154 women graduates this year, or 3.8 per cent of all graduates. There has been a very marked de-

crease, says the Journal of the American Medical association, in the number of women in medicine since 1910. when there were 907 women students and 157 graduates, and in 1909, when there were 921 women students and 162 graduates. Of all the women matriculants, 138 (21.6 per cent.) were in attendance at the two medical colleges for women, as compared with 143 (21.1 per cent.) in 1912, 134 (19.7 per cent.) in 1911, and 155 (17.1 per cent.) in 1910. The remaining 502 (78.4 per cent.) were matriculated in the 55 coeducational colleges. From the two women's colleges there were 33, or 21.4 per cent. of all women graduates, while 121, or 78.6 per cent., secured their degrees from coeducational colleges.

He Had Nothing on Burns.

There is a story of a gentleman when advocating the utility of public schools, who said: "Ryron was a Harrow boy." "What of that?" said an opponent, "Burne was a plowboy."

400,000

Immigration figures show that the opulation of Canada increased during 1918, by the addition of 400.000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleme

"The possibilities and opportunities offere by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England. that it seems absurd to think that people is that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position.

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessable a great number of homesteads in districts a especially adapted to mixed farm-

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G. A. COOK an Government Agent

If men were as perfect as their wives expect them to be the monotony of married life would be debilitating

The Insult.

Lady (ordering boots for her husband) -Do you keep men's boots? Shopman-No, madam, but we keep up to nines in women's.--London Opin-

Many School Children Avenue and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanes the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for compialning children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for Nyears. At all Druggists, Sc. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

What Displeased Her. "So your servant girl left you

again" said the woman at the sales. "Yes." replied the neighbor. What was the matter? "She didn't like the way I did the work."

The Harsh Judge.

A judge was recently at a private dinner defending a barsh sentence. "I believe." he said, "that it is better for law and order that sentences should eer on the side of harshness rather

than on the side of lenity. "Look at nature, the great judge of us all. Was there ever a harsher, severer judge, than nature, who sentences each and every one of us to

The Haunted Man.

Again that ringing in his care! It was the warning he had droaded. He knew his time had come. Yet, although he had started at the sound. he seemed half-dazed and wholly careless of the consequences. But still the Certain it is that throughout the ringing in his ears! "Deat it!" he finally said, and springing from the bed the careworn commuter shut of the alarm clock and proceeded to

> Wanted-A New Baseball Rule, Walter Johnson was pitching for the Washington team, and Mr Jennings who was trying to pump offmism into his despairing players sent up an ambittions young man to try to make a hit. He acted briefly. After awing

entirely by accident, popped up a littie fly to first base As he loped down toward first, and was called out, he turned to Jennings. let outh stream of emphatic and pic turesque language, and wound up with

I am a son of a gun if there oughtn't to be a rule making that guy hang lights on the ball!" Jennings, who got his start in life

this observation:

as a miner, smiled grimly, Where do you think you're work ing," he asked softly. "in" a coal mine! The Popular Magazine

Speaking Of Lunch

the wife said, "Bring home a package of

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Bits of selected Indian Corn, delicately seasoned, cooked, rolled thin and toasted to a rich golden brown - that's Post Toastes.

Fresh, tender and crisp, ready-to-eat direct from the package. With cream and a sprinkle of sugar —

"The Memory Lingers"

Toasties sold by grocers -everywhere.